



JOURNEY INTO

MYSTERY

10c

FEB. NO. 5

TAKE THESE
JOURNEYS
INTO
MYSTERY

ZOMBIE!



INNOCENT
BYSTANDER!



CONDEMNED!



"FRIGHT!"

Bill
Overe



FRIGHT!



NO! NO!
PLEASE!!

by
Stan Lee
& Russ Heath

I SAW KURT HESITATE AS HE HELD THE WHIP, AND I SHOUTED AT HIM WITH THE FURY OF A CAGED TIGER...

I SMILED AS THE WHIP BIT INTO THE ACHING FLESH OF THE INMATE! NOW THE SIMPERING IDIOTS WOULD KNOW WHO WAS BOSS OF "DRAKE'S HOME FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED"!



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, YOU FOOL? WHIP HIM SOME MORE, DO YOU HEAR ME? WHIP HIM!

YES SIR, MISTER DRAKE!



GOOD!
GOOD!

AS THE WHIP DESCENDED AGAIN AND AGAIN I WATCHED THE FEAR-FILLED FACES PEERING THRU THE BARS!

EACH FACE WAS UGLIER THAN THE OTHER...

BUT THERE WAS ONE THING THEY ALL HAD IN COMMON...

...AND THAT WAS **HATRED!** DEEP, FIERCE, ETERNAL HATRED FOR ME!



AND THEN THE WHIPPING ENDED...THE VICTIM WAS UNCONSCIOUS! I SIGNALLLED TO KURT TO PICK HIM UP...

I TURNED ON MY HEEL AND WALKED OUT...OUT PAST THE HATE-FILLED FACES, OUT PAST THE DARK DUNGEONS...



THROW HIM BACK IN HIS CELL, YOU OVERGROWN APE! AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

YES, SIR, MISTER DRAKE!

ONE SIDE, YOU SNIVELLING, BRAINLESS DOLTS!

ANYONE IN THE SILENT HORDE COULD HAVE BROKEN ME IN TWO LIKE A MATCHSTICK! AND ANYONE OF THEM WOULD HAVE GLADLY DONE IT! BUT I RULED THEM ALL BY FEAR! THEY WERE AFRAID OF ME...

I CROSSED THE YARD AND WALKED TOWARD MY HOUSE! IT WAS TIME FOR MY WIFE TO HAVE DINNER READY! SHE KNEW BETTER THAN TO BE LATE WITH MY MEALS...



EMMA, OPEN THE DOOR! IT'S DRAKE!



I DON'T KNOW WHY A MAN OF MY INTELLIGENCE EVER MARRIED A WOMAN LIKE EMMA! SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PRETTY ONCE, BUT SHE WAS MORE OF A SERVANT TO ME NOW THAN A WIFE!

FINALLY, I FINISHED DINNER, AND AS I WAS ON MY WAY UPSTAIRS..



AS I LAY IN MY BED, I THOUGHT OF MY ASYLUM ACROSS THE YARD...AND OF THE FEEBLE-MINDED INMATES WITHIN WHO HATED MY GUTS!

SUDDENLY, I WAS STARTLED BY A SCREAM OF TERROR FROM THE STONE BUILDING...



I LEAPED OUT OF BED AND RACED DOWN THE STAIRS! THE INMATES HAD BEEN WARNED NEVER TO DISTURB ME AT NIGHT BY SHOUTING! THEY WOULD BE MADE TO PAY FOR DISOBEYING MY WARNING!



I REACHED THE VIOLENT WARD AND FOUND KURT APPLYING SALVE TO THE BACK OF THE MAN HE HAD WHIPPED BEFORE.

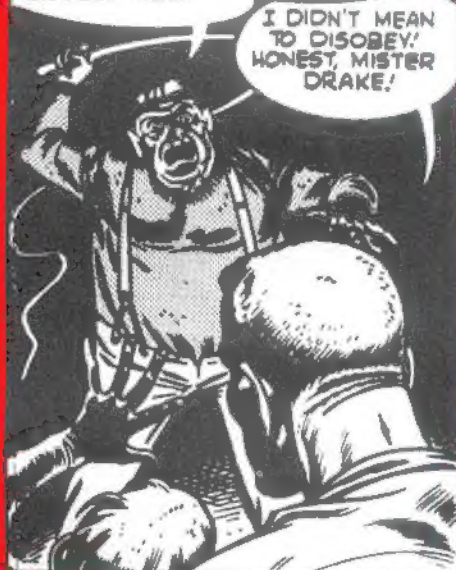
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU STUPID FOOL?

I--I'M SORRY, MISTER DRAKE! HIS BACK HURT SO MUCH I TRIED PUTTING SOME SALVE ON IT!



HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU NOT TO WASTE EXPENSIVE SALVE? HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY ME?!!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISOBEY! HONEST, MISTER DRAKE!



DON'T ANSWER ME BACK, YOU DULL-WITTED FOOL!



I'LL DEDUCT THE PRICE OF THAT SALVE FROM YOUR SALARY! NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!



SUDDENLY, I HEARD A GUTTURAL CRY FROM BEHIND ME! TURNING, I SAW DEATH STARING ME IN THE FACE!

I DUCKED SUDDENLY AND LASHED OUT WITH MY FOOT... TRIPPING THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN...

DEATH TO MISTER DRAKE! HEE, HEE, HEE!



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THEN I LEAPED ON TOP OF HIM AND GRABBED HIS KNIFE-HAND!



DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY LASHES YOU'LL GET FOR THIS?? I'LL HAVE YOU CUT TO RIBBONS!!

NO! NO! PLEASE... NO!

BUT I HEARD MUTTERING VOICES BEHIND ME! TURNING, I SAW THE OTHER INMATES WATCHING ME HATEFULLY THRU THE BARS!



NO!

DON'T WHIP HIM!

HE CAN'T STAND IT!

LET HIM ALONE!

I KNEW THEN WHAT I HAD TO DO! THIS WAS MY CHANCE TO TEACH THEM ALL A LESSON!



TO SHOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ANY WHO TRIED TO DEFY ME!

A LESSON THEY'D NEVER FORGET!



THERE WAS DEAD SILENCE AS I ROSE FROM THE FLOOR! I KNEW THAT EVERY HEART WAS FILLED WITH FEAR! THEY HAD FINALLY LEARNED THAT I WAS THE UNDISPUTED MASTER!



I'LL CLAIM HE COMMITTED SUICIDE! IT'LL BE MY WORD AGAINST YOURS! HA! HA! HA!

BUT BEFORE I COULD SAY ANOTHER WORD, A PAIR OF POWERFUL HANDS SEIZED ME BY THE NECK AND BEGAN TO CHOKE ME!



THE LAST SIGHT I REMEMBERED BEFORE I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS WAS KURT HOLDING ME WITH ONE VISE-LIKE ARM AS HE INJECTED A NEEDLE INTO ME WITH THE OTHER!



I TRIED TO SPEAK... BUT THE WORDS WOULDN'T COME OUT! I TRIED TO STAND, BUT LOST MY BALANCE! I WAS LIKE A MAN WHO WAS DRUNK... OR **WORSE**...



THE POLICE WILL BE HERE SOON! I'LL TELL THEM DRAKE WENT CRAZY BECAUSE OF OVERWORK!

THEY'LL BELIEVE YOU! LOOK HOW HE'S ACTING NOW!

I... (GULP...) WHERE... EH... OH!

THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER WAS BEING CARRIED TO THE LITTLE GRAVEYARD OUTSIDE OF THE ASYLUM... EMMA WAS WAITING THERE!



IS IT DONE, KURT?

YES, EMMA! I INJECTED THE DRUG INTO HIM!!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED, DRAKE, WHEN I TRIED TO ASK YOU FOR A DIVORCE SO I COULD MARRY KURT... BUT KURT HAD A **BETTER** IDEA!

IF EMMA **STAYS** MARRIED TO YOU, SHE'LL INHERIT YOUR MONEY **AND** THIS ASYLUM WHEN YOU GO!



GO? G-GO WHERE?

THE REST OF THE EVENING WAS A LIVING NIGHTMARE! I REMEMBER THE POLICE COMING AND TAKING ME AWAY! A PRISON PSYCHIATRIST EXAMINED ME, BUT I COULDN'T TALK STRAIGHT! NOBODY SUSPECTED I HAD BEEN DRUGGED!



POOR OLD DRAKE! I ALWAYS FIGGERED HE'D CRACK UP SOONER OR LATER!

HE HAS OBVIOUSLY LOST HIS MIND!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CARE FOR HIM UNTIL THE DIVORCE, MRS. DRAKE!

I WILL, YOUR HONOR! THANK YOU!

THEY KEPT ME LOCKED UP IN THE CELLAR OF MY HOUSE FOR WEEKS...ONLY COMING DOWN ONCE A DAY TO BRING ME FOOD!

EMMA! KURT!
HOW MUCH LONGER
MUST I STAY HERE?!

LISTEN TO HIM! THE
DRUG'S WORN OFF!
HE'S SANE AGAIN!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO
STAY ANY LONGER!
EMMA RECEIVED
HER DIVORCE TODAY
...AND THE JUDGE
ALLOWED HER ALL
YOUR MONEY AND
YOUR ASYLUM!

THEN...
WH-WHAT
ABOUT ME?

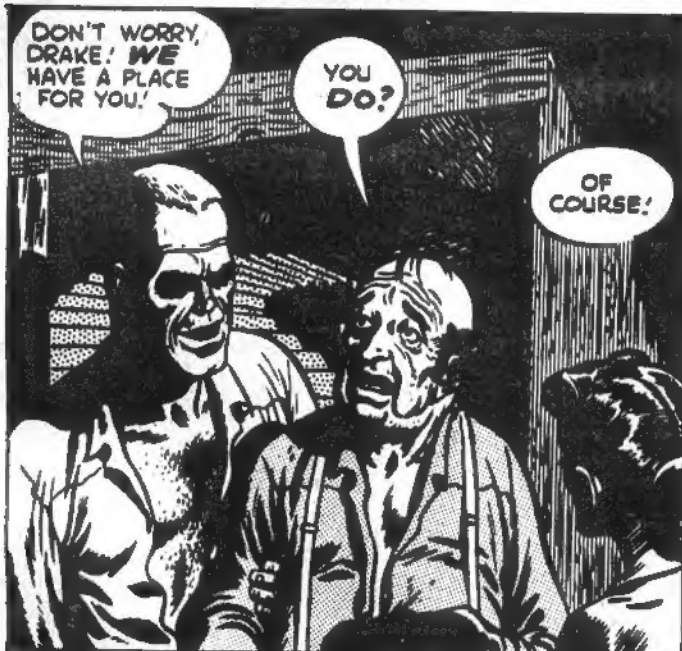
WHERE CAN I GO?
WHAT CAN I DO?



DON'T WORRY,
DRAKE! **WE**
HAVE A PLACE
FOR YOU!

YOU
DO?

OF
COURSE!



AS FAR AS THE JUDGE KNOWS,
YOU'VE LOST YOUR MIND! AND
WE HAVE JUST THE SPOT FOR A
MAN WHO'S LOST HIS MIND!

BUT YOU **DRUGGED**
ME! I HAVEN'T LOST MY
MIND! I'M AS SANE AS
YOU ARE!



YES... BUT YOU
WON'T BE FOR
LONG!

COME IN, MISTER DRAKE!
WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU
FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



FINIS

ZOMBIE!

DEEP SHADOWS OF NIGHT HIDE MANY THINGS IN A NATIVE VILLAGE OF HAITI, AND A MAN WHO IS HUNTED CAN WALK ONLY IN FEAR THRU THE DARKNESS...

EVERY DOORWAY, EVERY CORNER CAN CONCEAL DANGER! EVERY SHADOW CAN MEAN DEATH...

AND WHEN AT LAST THE HUNTER IS CLOSE ON THE TRAIL, THE QUARRY MUST HIDE QUICKLY... USING THAT SAME DARKNESS AS A PROTECTIVE CLOAK...



EVEN THE NATIVES, WHO HAVE OFTEN SEEN ZOMBIES WANDERING THE STREETS AT NIGHT, CRINGE IN FEAR OF THE CREATURE FROM THE GRAVE...

IT IS EVIL TO BRING THE DEAD BACK TO WALK THE EARTH! THEY HAVE NO MINDS OF THEIR OWN!

THEY OBEY ONLY THE COMMANDS OF THEIR MASTER... THE MAN WHO FIRST BRINGS THEM BACK WITH VOODOO!



THE ZOMBIE ALWAYS FINDS HIS VICTIM! YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM THE ZOMBIE!



WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR, BLACKIE NOLAN DOUBLES BACK ON HIS TRAIL... BUT THE WORDS OF THE NATIVES HAVE SUNK DEEP INTO HIS MIND, AND HE IS AFRAID...

A ZOMBIE! CRIPES! HE'S REALLY OUT TO GET ME BECAUSE I FRAMED HIM ON THAT BURGLARY RAP BACK IN THE STATES!



A SHARP PICTURE FORMS IN BLACKIE'S BRAIN, A FEELING OF WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE WHEN THE ZOMBIE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM...

NO! NO! GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!



AND EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS THAT BULLETS ARE NO PROTECTION AGAINST THE WALKING DEAD... HE WOULD TRY TO DEFEND HIMSELF...



BUT HE ALSO KNOWS THAT THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST A ZOMBIE!



HIS HANDS TREMBLE AND HIS LEGS GROW WEAK...HIS ENTIRE BODY IS TENSE, A BUNDLE OF NERVES AS HE STUMBLES INTO THE LOCAL BAR FOR A DRINK...



I'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM LARSEN, NOW THAT HE'S GOT A BLASTED ZOMBIE ON HIS SIDE!

THE THOUGHT ROLLS OVER AND OVER IN HIS MIND, AS THE DRINK BURNS A HOT PATH DOWN HIS THROAT...



IF ONLY I HAD SOMEONE LIKE THAT ON MY SIDE... A ZOMBIE OF MY OWN... HEY! THAT'S IT!

I'LL GET MYSELF A ZOMBIE, TOO! AND I'LL BEAT LARSEN AND HIS GOON TO THE PUNCH!



BLACKIE NOLAN'S FEAR GIVES WAY TO EXCITEMENT AS HE REALIZES THAT THERE IS A WAY FOR HIM TO SURVIVE...THE OLD TRICK OF BEATING A GUY TO THE PUNCH!



NOW I'LL GET DOWN TO THE NATIVE CEMETERY AND SEE HOW THEY DO IT!.. ALL I GOTTA DO IS MEMORIZE THE VOODOO CEREMONY, AND GET A DEAD MAN TO DO MY DIRTY WORK FOR ME!

THE NIGHT IS HOT AND DAMP AND STEAMING MISTS RISE FROM THE MOIST GRAVEYARD EARTH, AS BLACKIE MOVES QUICKLY IN THE SHADOWS...



THE PULSING BEAT OF VOODOO DRUMS SEND A RHYTHM OF MADNESS ECHOING AMONG THE GRAVESTONES, AND THERE BY THE LIGHT OF THE FLICKERING FIRE, THE NATIVES DANCE!



LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE JUST STARTIN'! I'M IN LUCK!

SUDDENLY, THE DRUMS CEASE THEIR WILD TATTOO, AND THE GRAVEYARD IS FILLED WITH A DEATHLY SILENCE AS THEY WAIT FOR THE VOODOO TO BEGIN...



DEVIL OF VODOO...GIVE THIS IMAGE THE POWER TO BRING BACK THE BODY THAT LIES BENEATH THIS EARTH...



I PLACE THE IMAGE ABOVE THE BODY! SEND THE BODY TO US... TO DO OUR BIDDING!



AS ONCE THE BODY WAS PUT INTO THE GRAVE AND COVERED WITH EARTH...



NOW LET IT RISE AS MY SLAVE... A ZOMBIE!



BLACKIE LISTENS CAREFULLY TO EACH CHANTED WORD IN THE CEREMONY AND COMMITS THE RITE TO MEMORY...



SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF MUMBO-JUMBO! BUT I GOTTA REMEMBER ALL THAT! I CAN'T FORGET A WORD!

HOLY SMOKE! IT REALLY WORKS!...



OUT OF THE GRAVE AND THE COFFIN THAT ONCE HELD ITS COLD, DEAD FLESH...



UP FROM THE TOMB THAT ONCE IMPRISONED THE SLEEPING CORPSE...



IT RISES TO WALK THE EARTH AS THE LIVING-DEAD...



BLACKIE HAS SEEN ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT HE HAS FOUND A WAY TO SAVE HIS LIFE! SOON HE WILL HAVE HIS OWN ZOMBIE TO DESTROY HIS ENEMY!

NOW I'LL JUST GET BACK TO MY ROOM AND WRITE LARSEN A NOTE TO MEET ME HERE IN AN HOUR...



NOW, LET'S SEE! ... "DEAR LARSEN, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU THAT YOU WILL FIND VERY VALUABLE! COME TO THE NATIVE CEMETERY ALONE, IN AN HOUR... SIGNED, A FRIEND!"



A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE FINDS A NATIVE BOY TO CARRY HIS NOTE TO LARSEN!

HERE'S 5 PESOS! GIVE THIS NOTE TO MR. LARSEN IN THAT HOUSE! TELL HIM IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

SI, SENOR! MUCHAS GRACIAS!



NOW I'LL GET THAT FAT FOOL, ONCE AND FOR ALL!... I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE FINDS OUT IT'S ME!



ALL THAT REMAINS FOR BLACKIE NOLAN, IS TO WAIT FOR HIS VICTIM... HIS WHOLE BODY IS TENSE WITH ANTICIPATION OF THE GREATEST DOUBLE CROSS OF HIS CAREER!

LUCKY THING FOR ME I COULD BUY ONE OF THESE VOODOO DOLLS AT THIS HOUR! HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



THE CRUNCH OF GRAVEL ON THE GRAVEYARD PATH WARNS BLACKIE THAT HIS VICTIM IS COMING... ALONE...

I--I BETTER START THIS THING! I GOTTA ACT FAST!



SWIFTLY HE PERFORMS THE CEREMONY HE HAS MEMORIZED WITH THE VODOO DOLL LYING ON THE DEAD MAN'S GRAVE...



...NOW LET IT RISE AS MY SLAVE... A ZOMBIE!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME? WHAT TH--? BLACKIE NOLAN... IT'S YOU!



YEAH, LARSEN! IT'S ME, AND THIS TIME I BEAT YOU TO IT...



I GOT MY OWN ZOMBIE, NOW... LOOK AT HIM COMIN' OUTTA HIS GRAVE...



KILL HIM! I'M YOUR MASTER... RIP HIM TO PIECES...



GO AHEAD! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? WHA--? NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE... I MUST'VE PICKED THE WRONG GRAVE...



NO.. IT'S THE RIGHT GRAVE, BLACKIE... THAT'S MY ZOMBIE YOU BROUGHT UP FROM THE DEAD!

